Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine, --- ſo, ſo.
Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord.
Oth. Who's there?
Em. O good my Lord, I'de ſpeake a word with you.
Oth. Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by: ſhee's dead:
Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeake of *Caſsios* death;
The noyſe was here; ha, no more moouing,
Still as the graue: ſhall ſhe come in? were't good?
I thinke ſhe ſtirres againe; no, what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhee'l ſure ſpeake to my wife.
My wife, my wife, my wife; I ha no wife;
O inſupportable: O heauy houre.
Me thinks it ſhould be now a huge Eeclips
Of Sunne and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,
Should yawne at alteration.
Em. I doe beſeech you I may ſpeake with you, - good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: O come in *Emillia*.
Soft, by and by; let me the Curtaines draw, *Ent.* Emil.
Where art thou? whats the matter with thee now?
Em. O my good Lord, yonder's foule murders done.
Oth. What, now?
Em. But now my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth, then ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.
Em. *Caſsio* my Lord has kil'd a yong *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.
Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Caſsio* kild?
Em. No, *Caſsio* is not kild.
Oth. Not *Caſsio* kild, then murders out of tune,
And ſweete reuenge growes harſh.
Des. O falſly, falſly murdered.
Em. O Lord, what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Em. Out and alas, it is my Ladyes voyce,

Helpe,

Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O L
Sweete *Deſdemona*, O ſwe
Des. A guiltleſſe death
Em. O who has done t
Des. No body, I my ſel
Commend me to my kinde
Oth. Why, how ſhoul
Em. Alas, who knowe
Oth. You heard her ſa
Em. She ſayd ſo, I muſ
Oth. She's like a lyer,
'Twas I that kild her.
Em. O, the more Ang
And you the blacker diue
Oth. She turn'd to ſoll
Em. Thou doeſt bely
Oth. She was falſe as
Em. Thou as raſh as f
To ſay that ſhe was falſe
Oth. *Caſsio* did top he
O I were damn'd beneath
But that I did proceed, vp
To this extremity, thy hus
Em. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Em. That ſhe was fal
Oth. I, with *Caſsio*: n
If heauen would make m
Of one intire and perfect
I'de not haue ſold her for
Em. My husband?
Oth. I, twas he that t
An honeſt man he is, and
That ſticks on filthy dee
Em. My husband?
Oth. What needes th
Em. If he ſay ſo, may